

# Chorea

## Esben and the Witch

At first the fingers start to twitch  
The blood is set in commotion  
The feet start to beat  
Strange tattoos on the street  
A warmth floods fast  
(They grow wild)  
The devil's dived  
Inside their minds  
Everyone's on fire Like mad dogs they slather  
Writhing and rabid  
Feverishly twisting  
A tragic display  
Wrestling tremors  
Imprisoned in prisms  
Together in silence  
They desperately pray Ferocious, voracious  
Infectious, afflictions  
Convulsions, contortions  
Devour their victims A descent into savagery  
Plummeting rapidly  
They tried in vain  
To shake this terrible hex With reckless abandon  
Belief was confounded  
By spiraling, spluttering,  
Quivering wrecks  
And we watched them dance  
Themselves to death  
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